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Title: Ghorlon

Author:  
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A foul looking tome bears  
the image of a noxious  
figure standing amongst a  
sea of diseased wildlife.

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Pestilence  
I looked, and there before  
me was a white horse.  
Its rider was given a  
bow, and he rode out as  
Pestilence, bent on  
conquest.

Disease and plague have  
stricken the world  
countless times and will  
continue to do so as long  
as there is life to  
infect. Plants, animals,  
humans and monsters alike  
fall victim to Pestilence.  
None save the dead and  
Undead are immune to its  
vile workings.